

Dice Raw

"Rope Chain"

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(Chorus)

I got a rope chain
You got a rope chain
We got a rope chain
Yeeeeeman

I keep it old school
You keep it old school?
I keep it old school
Yeeeeeman

I'm reppin london city
You reppin london city?
I'm reppin london city
Yeeeeeman

My name is master shortie
You know about master shortie
I know bout master shortie
Yeeeeeman

Let me tell you about the my time
Where youths like their beef and they grime
And prepared to draw for the nine
If you're in the wrong place
At the wrong time
But I'm not like them guys
I had to open my eyes
So I could prevail, and I could excel
Make my music so it sells
My inspiration comes from god
So I'm grateful
Look at the way I'm spitting it down
Like it's bloody april
I'm that good guy
I walk around with a halo
The only bangers these figures
Are mashing
Are sausage and potato

(Chorus)

In my dreams I'm wrapped in palms
Sometimes I'm wrapped in arms
All my tugs around me
Trust me
They roll with straps and arms
Want me to convert
Throw away my bible and psalms
I'd rather do my music
Spend all my money on garms
That's why I look so sweet
That's why I keep so neat
They say that I'm a gyalist
I know all them freaks
But I'm surrounded by tugs
Make sure it's not forgotten
I've got the hood on my back and trust me
We ain't made of cotton

(Chorus)

And when the rope chain swings
The girls grin, they like
Hi, my name, I'm on anything
They call me kase
Otherwise mr benjamin
I'm like a scar
On the skin I won't fade in
The name kase but
Call me amazing
First time placed in
Nah I ain't changing
And my swag's correct
Watch the way I move
And the rope chain
Swings on my neck yep

(Chorus)

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